

VOL. 14 NO. 340

APRIL 21, 1888.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

Judge

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER,

COPYRIGHT 1888 BY THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.



THEPIOUSTOMANDTHEWICKEDTOPSY.

Topsy—"I 'spect he can't do nuffin' wif me—Ise growed dat way. Golly, Ise so wicked!!"



PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.
President W. J. ANDREW
Art Department BRINSFORD MELLISH
Editor L. M. GREGORY

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA IN ADVANCE.
One copy one year, or 52 numbers, \$4.00
Two copies for 26 weeks, \$2.00
One copy for 12 weeks, \$1.00
Ten copies or more each, \$1.00

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, \$5 a year.
THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY (POTTER BUILDING),
Park Row, New York.

We guarantee advertisers a larger circulation at cheaper rates than any American satirical paper published.

The Judge is for sale at Bradbury's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

WHO IS THERE to cast a stone at Roscoe Conkling? Not one.

MITCHEL "SPIKED Sullivan in the shins," and if that isn't hitting below the belt what is?

CONGRESS—The mountain labors and brings forth not so much as the slightest insect.

MR. SHEPARD was not one of the twelve apostles. He is merely the postscript; or, in other words, the thirteenth.

BISMARCK would like to control the deaths as well as the marriages of the Hohenzollerns, and it makes him sick to think he can't do it.

MR. CLEVELAND is issuing no orders to subordinates to stop meddling with politics, but we must remember that this is a backward season.

AN EXCHANGE has the heading, "Dead with a Broken Neck." We have frequently observed the fatality of that affliction.

IT IS Mrs. C. who wants a second term, and shall I not respect her wishes in a little thing like that?—G. Cleveland.

THE GOVERNOR has no desire for the presidency, but if Grover knows what he is about he won't let it go out of his hands for so little a time as half a minute.

A RECENT DISTURBANCE among colored men in South Carolina, which resulted in several razorings, would seem to be a case of too excessively free wool.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD will miss Lilian Elcock; but it won't regret her, from an artistic point of view, with the solemnity of grief that calls for real tears.

MANY NEWSPAPERS are insisting that the art of S. J. Randall is true to the Democratic Poll. Very well; it is the coy maiden, then, that isn't true to S. J. Randall.

"YOU LOOK LONESOME," said somebody to the proprietor of an evening newspaper whom he found at a late hour at a banquet table at Delmonico's. "Well, I have reason to look so," said the man, wiping a tear from his eye with a corner of his napkin, "because it appears I am the last supper."

THE JUDGE has pictures of John Sherman, W. M. Evarts, John J. Ingalls and even Frank Hiscock in gorgeous military uniforms, of which they are evidently very proud. May we ask, what war was it, and on which side?—Albany Times.

Well, as they were Republicans it may be safely assumed that they didn't fight on the Confederate side anyhow.

SELAH!

The JUDGE last week commenced its fourteenth volume. Same thing in connection with the new birthday as with the several that have preceded it under the present management, only more so. The JUDGE's friends have grown in number by many thousands; its advertising pages have been more than packed by appreciative business men;

its serials have found their way to every part of the country, and it is difficult to print enough to supply the demand. This year, with the national election to take care of, the JUDGE will reach a larger circulation than any publication of its kind ever had. It will probably elect the president and carry the state; but, anyhow, its own calling and election are amply provided for. Catch on, catch on!

The Judge will take you right straight through,
And you can't get there before us.

THE NEWGUMP'S ADDRESS.

When this all-powerful disorganization, with a prescience almost divine, selected a political leader for the salvation of the country, and by the incidental assistance of an unappreciative and stupid Democracy elected him—elected him by the glorious majority of one thousandth of one per cent.—this nation was saved. No triumph of a great principle could equal it. The struggles of the revolution, the wealth of blood and drain of treasure that re-bought us one flag for one country, "pale their ineffectual fires" compared with this victory of moral ideas—our copyrighted, exclusive proprietary, patented moral ideas.

Standing on this intellectual Pisgah, handing down the law, we can proudly point to a promised land, where grapes can be had for the gathering and every filibuster who strikes a Republican hip and thigh may expect the deed of a political farm.

We have been accused of faith in a fetish. It has been asserted that our skill is simply a heathenish art; that we have carved a block of wood, and with gouging of tool and touch of paint have made it a god; that a thumbtack lump of clay after baking is our Deity; that we dream as did Nebuchadnezzar, and on the broad Shiur of our imagination create a grave image, then fall down and worship the work of our own brains, and that our insanity, like that of the Assyrian king, can only be cured by sending us to grass. What a lie!! We are the political cardinals, whose votes are an inspiration.

We are the hierarchy, whose hands drip with anointing oil, and our benediction blesses with infallibility. When we bind the brow with the phylactery of imitative civil-service gold, when we wrap the mantle of sweet praise around the pan-electric bust, and swath the shoddy clothing of the fishery fiasco, braided with the humbug of "pernicious partisanship" and girl with the caunting ambition of the second term, the environing will change a dolt to an oracle.

Did you note the impudent criticism of President Cleveland by Senator Ingalls? What a sacrifice! Is there no defense against audacity? Is free speech to be permitted forever? Is such a man as Ingalls, with nothing in his veins but such blood as extorted the Magna Charta from King John; that in a puritan parliament condemned Charles the first for treason; that stood on Bunker Hill and fought against English tyranny and an idiot monarch, such blood as breathed and won the battle against the southern oligarchy—are such a critic and such criticism to be borne without end?

We and our friends had a right to call Lincoln a buffoon, Grant a butcher, Hayes a fraud, Garfield a bandit, and Arthur a gourmand. Times have changed. The dignity of the office now gives the temporary occupant of the executive chair a position beyond reproach. Against that sacred target no criticism or truth must be hurled. The jester must shield his sting, and before the awful presence of the ex-sheriff of Buffalo the nation must dumb. I will conclude by offering for your unanimous adoption an old resolution passed by a Calvinistic congregation, one that is politically applicable to us:

Resolved, That only the elect can enter heaven.

Resolved, That we are the elect.

J. A.

THE PAGES OF THE JUDGE will be numbered continuously from the beginning to the end of volumes hereafter, that the numbers when bound may be more conveniently referred to.

BUZZ SAWS.

The careless man escapes many dangers.

Some men don't eat much when they dine at home.

Some of us starve on what others grow rich on.

It is hard to help the man who won't help himself.

The man who never does anything often gets into trouble.

The rogue sometimes finds it to his advantage to be honest.

Luck often makes a success of what perseverance made a failure.

New clothes look the best, but they are the most uncomfortable.

A sin always seems the most enormous when someone else commits it.

It is easy to convince one's self there is no sin in doing what profits us.

You soon learn to doubt the friend whom you are obliged to ask for help.

WOULDN'T DO IN THE DAY-TIME.

Anderson goes home in the middle of the afternoon and finds the house locked up.

"I declare," he exclaims to Richards, who accompanies him, "if my wife hasn't gone away, without leaving me any way to get in."

"Haven't you a key to the door?" asks his companion.

"Yes, but confound it! it's a night-key."

TOO MUCH EDUCATIONAL ACUMEN.

Stranger (in Wyoming town)—"Can you tell me where the village schoolmaster lives?"

Native—Nary, pard. Th' highest I kin come to is ter tell yer whar we set him out."

"He undertuk t' spell Hank Hammond's darter, Becky, that 'fe-li's spelt 'cat,' an'—well, th' snow-drops is jest sproutin' over whar we set him out."

TO A FAIR ACADEMIC.

Believe me, I've many a friendship seen,

But, lady, only to discover That when 't maid and youth be-

The "friend" is very like the lover.

Plato and his disciples teach That friendship can o'er love hold sway;

An easy doctrine 'tis to preach; Act on it—there's the deuce to pay.

Nay, if there men exist who crave Friendship, and nothing more, from thee,

Old Adam turning in his grave May mourn his sons' degeneracy.

DUFFIELD OSBORN.

THOUGHTS FOR THE FAMILY.

First convict—"It's all fixed, Jim, and to-night we can make our escape."

Second convict—"I've been thinking the matter over, Erastus, and I have changed my mind. I shall not go."

First convict—"What's wrong?"

Second convict—"I cannot consent to compromise my family by any such step."



Mrs. PHELIN.—"How persistent Mr. Speck is in his attentions to you, my dear."

Miss SOOPER.—"Isn't he, though? I really think he is not just right in his mind."

Miss C.—"How discerning you are, my dear. Exactly the same idea occurred to me."

SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

Mrs. PHELIN.—"I understand your father is writing an autobiography, Jane."

Mrs. LAFLIN.—"Yes; it's going to be a very interesting book. You mustn't make it publick, though."

Mrs. PHELIN.—"Certainly not, Jane; but do you know I'm perfectly crazy to know whose autobiography it is."

NO HOPE FOR PROGNOSTICS.

BAGLEY.—"Here's the story of how the Dakota people killed the weather prophet who said the spring would be very early this year."

BAILEY.—"Humph! He ought to have been killed."

BAGLEY.—"And here is the prediction of a New Jersey man for four feet of snow on the first of May."

BAILEY.—"Well, he will get killed."

GRINDER'S LITTLE SCHEME.

HEAD CLERK.—"I presume, sir, that as you have ordered us all to sign the half-holiday petition you intend to shorten the working-hours on Saturday."

GRINDER.—"Indeed, sir, I intend nothing of the sort. Don't you see the holiday brings a much greater rush of custom?"

A FEW PHILOSOPHIC REFLECTIONS.

"One wouldn't care always to carry his head as St. Denis carried his—under his arm."

"How exasperating it must be to a hot-tempered wife to have a bald-headed husband!"

"When a singer complains that his voice is broken you may be sure it isn't worth your while to hunt for the pieces."

VISITS OF CEREMONY.

Conversation between a mistress and her servant.

"Did you tell the ladies I was not at home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And what did they say?"

"They said, madam, as how it was terrible lucky."

IN THE RESTAURANT.

BUBLEY.—"I think that Stuf-fum ought to get some more noon waiters."

GRAFTON.—"Why, man alive, the house is full of 'em! I've been waiting here myself half-an-hour."

EVENING JOURNALISM.

SPRINGS (in newspaper office).—"Please give me a copy of today's regular issue."

CLERK.—"Can't, sir; we didn't get out anything but extras to-day."

AN OBJECTIONABLE MAN.

"Why should you object to marry an auctioneer, my dear? He's wealthy and respectable—what else do you want?"

CECILE (who is secretly engaged to Gamboe, the artist).—"I don't like his appearance, ma mere! An auctioneer is alway for-bidding."



FELDSTEIN (trailing into the Caledonian club picnic grounds).—"Bushbenders, gentlemen: I sell dem sheep."

HUM OF THE COURT.

What Senator Ingalls needs to do is to apologize for his several apologies.

Lawyer Marsh may be said with peculiar truth to be a member of Debar.

What will John R. McLean do when he can't buy the *New York Star* as a daily amusement?

Ex-queen Isabella is afflicted with poverty. Her old trouble was wickedness and she never got it cured.

Jake Sharp faced the music here, and it was a hard task. May the poor old fellow find it easier to do it over there.

If Dr. Dix had sent out that sermon a little earlier he would have been a good-enough Morgan till after the Lenten season.

Dr. Hammond's idea that men need not die is very gratifying; but men are stubborn and will insist on the privilege to the end of time.

Historical—When Richard III. called for a horse he added parenthetically, "Not a mule, mind you! This is business and I must have speed."

A bald-headed Sioux City man is raising, much to his surprise, a tuft of red hair about the circumference of a dollar, and feels so bad about it that he wants to be scalped.

"Nothing is ever really lost," as Walt Whitman says; but the question is ever present, why doesn't the man who found it return it to its original owner and get the reward offered in the daily newspapers?

The *World* says E. C. Stanton and S. B. Anthony have been wound-up to go on forever; so there is your perpetual motion as to conversation at least.

If Jay Gould is a skunklet as well as a pirate king, as the *Herald* says, he is the kind of remarkable combination the dime museums have long been looking for.

The empress and crown princess of Germany will make the matches of the Hohenzollerns hereafter, with the aid of Victoria of England, and if Prince Bismarck doesn't like it he can go out and strike his own.

Mr. Ward McAllister in saying that New York has only 400 really fashionable persons shows a large amount of discretion to the total disruption of his mathematics. There are 412, with a few fractions that will presently make the number still larger.

There is to be a new daily evening paper. It will give every day the latest reports regarding matters just previous to the deluge. A special feature in a number shortly to be issued will be a fine account

of Mr. Pharoh's unsuccessful effort to cross the Red sea.

Oratory is making progress. They even tell of a silver-throated Georgia mule.

We must not forget when we praise Buffalo that Mr. Howells prides himself on his fiction.

All the leading Democrats are not dead or dying. Jeff Davis, for instance, is sufficiently well to be hard at work on another book.

Miss May Sharpless, who is worth \$9,000,000, though only nine years old, is an edgewise evidence of the possibilities of youth here in New York.

A spirit artist has presented through a medium a picture of "Yorick laughing at his last joke." Ah, well; we suppose the poor skull will presently develop sufficiently to start a comic newspaper.

We suppose that when John Ingalls dies he will go right up to St. Peter and pull his whiskers, turn him around to look at something that can't be seen, and walk into paradise with the unconscious assurance of one who owns the whole establishment.

Though a light, frivolous, dizzy girl, S. B. Anthony presided over the suffragettes at Washington with much dignity and impressiveness; but occasionally she had to turn her back to the audiences and take out her teeth for a small giggle.

The Miss Singer who has bought a duke and paid \$60,000 to consummate the purchase is quite pleased with her prize, because it wears side-whiskers and can talk like a real man.

Margaret Mathew is very much out with J. M. Hill, and therefore we wouldn't be that man for anything; but at the same time J. M. is one of the Hills that the general public is glad to be heir to.

Statesmanship of the woman's congress—"How do you like my new coat?" "Admirable. What do you think of Mrs. Thompson's bonnet?" "Made over; and isn't she a bold, forward, brazen thing!"

Every one of Chauncey's denials increases the desire to have him run for president; so that if he wants to save himself that ordeal he had better say he wants it. But then he would say that with such great good sense that perhaps the peril would be increased.

The Rev. Mr. Pogson says—"Marriage should never be thought of until the question is put." If that rule prevails, good man, there will never be any question or any marriage. We have sometimes thought it a good idea to dress a proverb in a little common sense.



WITH EVERY BOTTLE.

Diese elixir (to youth who are something to did the growth of his whiskers)—After the elixir makes your beard come out, then you can get the wind started through them with this little pair of bellows."



A NARROW ESCAPE.



AT THE CATERERS' CLUB DINNER.

(Sectional view.)

MR. PAULSEN—"YOU'll 'xcuse me, Mistah Breck'ridge—da's my grape-jouce!"

JUDGE'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FAIR BOHEMIENNE.



Judge Photography

more congenial life. Her gentle face endears her to her neighbors' playful tots while she's always knitting mufflers for the sable Hottentots. In the dusk of summer evenings, from my den across the way, I can see her trim her bonnet or hear her sound she play on a battered, wheezy mandolin, the fascinating air of "The Stretching Night of Larry," or "The Widow Pott's Affair." She makes a living painting miniatures of infant girls with delicious rosy faces and with witching golden curlis. But the druggist at the corner told me, years and years ago, he had seen her as a fairy in a pantomime show.

Will she wed? With queer persistence the imaginative mind declines to furnish any information of this kind. So much depends on "notions," where a woman is concerned, that nothing very accurate is ever really learned; and the man whom now she wishes in the neighborhood of France may to-morrow gleam and glitter with the tinsel of romance. But when at last she fastens on an object with her love no doubt the object's guarded by the legions up above.

DEWITT STERBY.

THE INFIRMITIES OF AGE.

Petulant wife—"That horrid old English clock you paid so much for last week, Mr. Chippendale, is always hours ahead of the correct time. I told you not to buy it, and you'd better return it at once."

Good-humored husband—"That because you would not let me stand it where I wanted to, my dear. Cocked up there at the very head of the stair, the poor old thing is probably unable to resist the continual temptation to run down."



NEAR-SIGHTED.

BENEVOLENT OLD LADY (to man repairing shoe model)—"If you drive another nail into that poor, dear, patient horse, I'll have Mr. Bergth after you!"

NO CHANGE FOR HIM.

Bobsey—"Isn't it about time for you to begin fleshing up, old man? The Lenten days are over."

Wiggins—"Yes, I know it—but I'm still living in the same old boarding-house."

SHE KNEW HIM.

"Have you a very stylish young girl you could recommend me?" said a gentleman in an employment bureau.

"Excuse me, sir," replied the affable manager, "but do you live in the corner house?"

"Yes, but why do you ask?"

"Because your wife was here only a moment ago to see if we had a tow-headed girl with a wart on her nose."



TAKING A REST.

POLITE PASSENGER (referring to seat)—"Pardon me, sir; is this engaged?"

NOT ENOUGH OF IT.

Fliggen (who has been entertaining Griggs at his newly discovered jewel of a fifty cent table d'hôte)—"Well, old boy, how have you liked the dinner?"

Griggs (who is a brute)—"Very good, very good indeed; so good that I invite you to join me in another one at once."



COMPLACENT PASSENGER — "No,—
HARRIED."

LAW AND CHIVALRY.

Col. Firemouth—"Judge, I want you to put Howler of the *Weekly Scorpion* under bonds to keep the peace."

Judge—"What's he done?"

Col. Firemouth—"I just gave the infernal coward a horse-whipping, and I don't want to let him have a chance to get the drop on me."

DECEPTIVE DATES.

Found in an album.

"Never tell a woman that she must be such, or such, an age. When it comes to figures the weaker sex always crave the liberty of choice."

GOODY TWO SHOES.



CARRIED home two tiny pairs of shoes—
A pair of "ones," the other number "twos;"
The pretty smaller ones for pretty Kate,
The scarcely larger for her sister Mate.

A gush of thank-yous filled my willing ear—
Some fraction of the same no doubt sincere;
Then came swift terrors of the home-made pun,
The more they tortured me the more the fun!

Here follow samples of their style of thing:—
"Both girls and shoes you've got upon a string."
"My aces beat your bigger dences," and
"Let's hold them, thus, to keep new shoes on hand."

Then, turning me-ward, "It is shoe I love."
"So-leather's not all other things above."
"Our understanding's by a dress revealed."
"Keep tak-in-steps that prove how well you're heeled."

More wretched puns on "sole" succeeded fast;
I had to stand a dose of "awl" and "last."
The aggravation was that, they believed
Such drivel worthy to be well received.

Now, more! they really thought it "awful smart,"
And lack of *encore* sorely took to heart.
At last, by strategy, I spiked their gun
And charged the enemy upon the run.

I seized Kate's shoes, and with a feigned surprise
Exclaimed, "Why! these are not of equal size!"
Said Kate, "There! Just my luck! Oh, cruel fate!
"Explain," "They're odd because they are not Mate's."

JOHN ALBRECHT



A SOLOQUY.

UNCLE BERTHOLD (on his first city visit).—What a tarnassion fool I wuz ter lay about five cents for a ticket! Might just as well a gone down inter th' street 'n' waisted ter ketch one when it come through."

A CONTRADICTION OF TERMS.

Read in an article in a Paris paper on the relations of France with foreign powers.

"For more than fifty years the burning of Moscow has caused a coolness in our intercourse with Russia."

THE FERRY-BOAT NUISANCE.

Mother—"Are you sure, my dear, that the ladies' cabin is on this side of the boat?"

Daughter—"Why, of course, mamma. Don't you see that it's crowded with men?"

GOT IT DOWN FINE.

Read in an album.

"It is only falling in love that is really ecstatic. The most beautiful romances are those that have no end."

"Love never grows old; he dies in childhood."

"THE HAND THAT RULES THE WORLD."

Husband—"Great heavens, Mary! there's a man shot across the street."

Wife—"Sh! Don't speak so loud, John, or you'll wake the baby."



MISS KNIGHT (to *new acquaintance whose name she did not catch*)—"Etymology of names is my favorite study. My theory is that all names indicate what the persons' ancestors were; for instance, my ancestors were knights, the Smith family were blacksmiths and so forth. I think it's the best way to tell what a person is, don't you, sir?"
Well, no, he didn't, because his name was Hogg.

HE THOUGHT NOT.

IF YOU HAVE TEARS, PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW.
Road in a shop window near one of the principal Paris cemeteries.
"We make a Specialty of Onion Soup, which we furnish where Refreshments are provided at funerals!"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Brown has had his picture published in a daily paper, and he says the wood-cut is the unkindest cut of all. He says that if it had been a striking likeness it would have knocked the artist down.

SWEET CHARITY.

Vagrant—"Beg parding, mum, but could ye have the kindness to lend me a box of sardines to open with this can-opener?"

Mrs. Oatcake—"Sorry I can't, poor fellow; but here's a dipper of water and a tract. I kinder hate to send the poor away empty-handed."



WESTERN ENTERTAINMENT.

MRS. ELLIOTT (of Boston, who has dropped off the excursion train at Bed Egg, Arizona, to drop in on her son)—"Don't you miss the affairs of society, William—theatres, parties, picnics, and so forth?"

WILLIAM—"Not much, mother. Why, Hooker Bill gives a three o'clock whisky over on the divide this very afternoon."

HIS OBJECTIONS TO LIFE IN THE WEST.



He was standing in the sunshine, clothed, or rather covered, with a variety of patches. I had just given him a quarter, the first impetus, he assured me, in the direction of dinner that he had received for weeks.

Meantime, while getting up energy enough to proceed in the above-named direction, he favored me with his views on life in the west.

"I was ~~there~~—let me see—wal, fer three years 'n' a half, ~~but~~ I couldn't stand it. No man could that's bin used to the comforts wehev heve. Oh, it's well enough; it's a growin' place, an' it'll be somethin', by'-n-bye. But now, fer instanz, now here—such a thing as close fer instanz! A man can't g' a decent suit of cloze, not to fit him 'n' look as they'd ought to look, out there. They ain't got the style nor they ain't got the material. I tell you, you put on a suit of close—the best they kin give you, an'—well—you'll just want to walk away from yourself around the corner; it's amazin' to see the stuff they'll wear. Oh, it ain't a bad place in some respects—but close! They don't know what close means out west."

And then he turned the least ragged part o' his hat-brim to the front, tore off a dependent tatter or two from his sleeve, re-toed the piece of twine that held his coat together, and moved thoughtfully on his way.

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Wife of real-estate agent (weary of patching the children's clothes)—"I tell you, Arthur, I have a soul above this drudgery. Be-

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.



THE SACAGOUIS DOG.



111



Mr. WASHINGTON, No. 3001 (on a mission of love)—"I pretend I say dat a man dat 'll keep a dawg whad doan' gib ye no warnin' order be pro'cted. G'way dar!"

for we were married you used to tell me I'd be your little partner in the business."

Exasperating husband—"So you are, my dear; so you are! While I'm out collecting rents you're here mending tears. Same thing, you know."

SHAKESPEAREAN EVOLUTION.

"Why are witches always pictured with beards on?" she asked.

"Always, my dear? They are not," he replied, to gain time.

"Well, why are they ever? Why are they in Shakespeare?"

"My love (this time confidentially), you must know that in Shakespeare's time the human race was in a state of prehistoric undevelopment. The beard was not entirely dropped by the fairsex until they had developed sufficient chin to supply the necessary warmth caused by its absence."

Then he lightly blew her a kiss, and softly closed the door between them.

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

Some men want mo'en a gun toe make um brave. Yo' mus' stay in de mahkit all de time toe git bughains.

De easies' man toe cheat am de one dat t'inks yo' can't do hit.

Hit mus' rain mighty hard toe scare a woman wid a new gown.

Many a man dat am homes' w'en he'm alone ud be a knave wid knaves.

Yo' may laik toe darnse, but yo' doan' wantoe heah a fiddle all de time.

De lucky hundah ad hab yo' beleeb dot he dun kill de las' possum in de woods.

Yo' may cry dis mawnin' obah-anodah's trabbles, but yo' ull sleep to-night.

Ef acks, an' not wuds, am w'at people want, w'y doan' de auctioneah an' de politican go into some oddah business?

De fluctuation ob de mem'ry am 'stonishin'. Ef yo' owe a dollar, anodah man mus' put yo' in main' ob hit; wh'reas of a dollar man comin' toe yo', yo' min' nebbah needs joggin'.

W'en Sambo gits caught a wrong side ob de fence, hit am a good algument dat a man awt not toe t'ink mo' ob chicken en he do ob hisself. De man dat allus takes chances am laikly to be choiced.

J. A. WALDRON.

The man who has worked himself up in this world is always the hardest on those beneath him.



THE MODERN EXODUS FROM THE LAND OF FREE TRADE

"Last year the arrivals of Immigrants reached the enormous aggregate of 450,850.
MOSES (Uncle Sam)—"Why, O Pharaoh, are your hosts migrating to my Promised Land?"



-Victor-

SACIETE & WILHELMUS LTD CO N.Y.

BONDAGE TO THE LAND OF PROTECTION AND PLENTY.

"*45, and this year's immigration will be over Half a Million.*"—N. Y. Sun.
ction land if the Free Trade which your Country enjoys is such a blessing?"

THE BENDER'S RETREAT TOPOGRAPHY.

ASPAR W. FEEDPIPE of Kensico, N. Y., waked up one morning recently and found that by a close, brutal and avuncular career of twenty years as a hardware, dry-goods and meat dealer he had saved five hundred and eighteen dollars in cash and a protest note in his favor for \$17.20, including protest fee and interest.

Casting about for an investment, his hook caught on to an announcement which set forth the advantages to be gained by the acquirement of some town lots in Bender's Retreat, Arizona, and with a caution born of life in Kensico, and an inability to beat the late Horace Greeley in chirography, he asked his son William to write for a descriptive circular of the property, with a view toward careful investigation and possible purchase.

William was varying his duties as stamping clerk in the post-office by an ephemeral and home-made course in medicine, and current events having greatly aroused his interest in a special section of anatomical study he sent, for a descriptive circular of the property, with a view toward careful investigation and possible purchase.

the same mail with his father's letter, a request to a Philadelphia publishing house for a chart showing the details of the works involved.

How those two requests, which read simply and similarly, "please send a pictur shewin' latest discov'ries of the pllices," got mixed in the mail, nobody but a man who has had intimate dealings with a country post-office can tell, but that it was so was proven in the course of due time.

William never heard from his venture, and shortly after the event of its mailing received an appointment as night-watchman in a White Plains coal-yard, left home for keeps, and concerning this narrative no more.

Two or three weeks after, a long, yellow envelope, marked "Private," with post-mark so blurred as to be illegible, was directed to Mr. Feedpipe, who found, after taking it to the hay-mow so as to avoid the prevalent Westchester county curiosity, that it contained a map of which the adjunction is a copy.

He smoothed it out on the barn floor, laid down over it with his chin on his hands, studied it long and earnestly, and then, with an anxious and unsatisfied look on his face, got pen, ink and paper and carved out the following letter:

As Mr. Feedpipe could not read it himself after it was written, it was better, perhaps, to divest it of the sprays of original and unique spelling, construction, penmanship and blots and offer only a free translation, which approached this:

"MANAGER OF THE ULTRAMATCH LAND AND CATTLE CO.,
"BENDER'S RETREAT, ARIZONA.

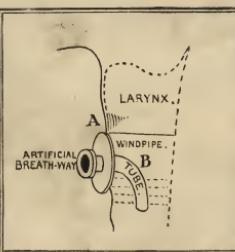
"The map you prop'red which you kindly enclosed to me is one of the finest examples of color-work I ever saw, but in some parts it is quite difficult to read."

"To begin with, in this part of the country we call a sewer a sewer and not a tube, and further than this, with my respects to your artistic skill, I would like to have a bridge across instead of into the river. Another thing in this connection puzzles, and I may say discourages me. If the citizens of that flat town on the east side of the river get up artificial levees, how am I to get across?"

which makes it incumbent to build a sewer to that flat town, don't you think it would be better to let them attend to the matter themselves, and then, if you will, and through your town of Windpipe? By the way, the people who live here are not Indians, nor Apaches, but I want to give you a tip on naming any future townships you may start. You will do well to call them by such names as Windpipe and Larder, and I suppose it will be all right for cowboys, if you will map them down as Hawthorne, Paul Bunyan, or the like, or Turxedo (orange you will find that you will get more inquiries from the men of culture in this vicinity.)

"Of course you can't make a change now, but look out for the future, my boy."

"Please let me know whether the dotted line at the top of the map is a fence or a creek, and if the latter, how far from the river. I like to fish, and last week caught a pickerel



FRAGILE PASSENGER.—"That man's taking up considerable room. Guess I'll give him a reminder! (Let's go a tremendous punch with his elbow.)"



A FLYING EXPERIMENT IN SHANTYTOWN.
GAMES (attached to kite).—"Say, Spudger, if yer don't let me outta dis right away I'll knock de duft outta yer when I git down; ya hear?"

weighing two feet ten ounces from his head to his dressed diameter."

"I suppose the spot marked 'B' on the map is a bar-room, as I understand they are getting prevalent in the west; and I suppose where the 'A' marks 'MILITARY' or 'Arsenal,' as I have seen some express in the most hasty and world prefer to have my claim staked in a congenital locality."

"An glad to note that you have laid out a race-track between the breath-way and the take opening, and will say now that I own a brown mare that can trot the scuffing out of anything of her length in these parts."

"Let me hear from you again, and perhaps we can make a dicker." YOUNGSTER. —"C. W. FENNER."

The fact that Mr. Feedpipe's supposed map was a chart description of the operation of tracheotomy, and had been mailed from Philadelphia in the interest of his son's education, has never enlightened the old man, and he has been haunting the post-office ever since for renewed information regarding Bender's Retreat.

JAMES S. GOODWIN.

The man who drinks to drown his sorrows is apt to think he is more unfortunate than he is.



CHURCHLESS

REBUKED.

"W-what in hells have you got in that h-bundle?"
OUR MESSENGER.—"Ole dicks' know as it's amny as yure business, but it do be a forty-pound lithographic stone for th' paper, sor."





IN THE BOILER SHOP.

KELSO (from inside)—"Are yes on a shrike, Grady? Wes 'n finisht th' job th' day?"
GRADY (his helper)—"Hould yure wind, Kelso. 'Ol 'n warmin' rivets: (aside) an' Ol doan't ink 'Ol 'm beholden to James Kelso 't be tellin' him phe're them rivets do be sitwated."

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT

XIBLO'S.

Mr. E. G. Gilmore, Lessee and Manager.
Reserved seats Orchestra circle and Balcony, 50 cents.

"EVANGELINE."

Evenings at 8. Matinee Wed. and Sat. at 2.

WALLACKS.

Under direction of Mr. Henry Abbey.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Evenings at 8½. Matinee Saturday 2½.

BLIJOU OPERA HOUSE.

Rico's Burlesque Company in the Gorgeous Production of
"PEARL OF PEKIN."

Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

Dixey, Rice & Barton, Proprietors

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

Edward Harrigan, Proprietor
M. H. Hanley, Manager

Phenomenal Success of Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN

in his artistic and natural character of
PETE.

Dave Enham and his Popular Orchestra.

Wednesday—Matines—Saturday.

The Sohmer Piano has always maintained a leading position, and to-day it has few equals, and no superiors. The Sohmer can rest upon its merits, and win every time.

GREENWAY'S SALE

INDIA PALE ALE

POULAS IR. WOOD.
FULLY EQUAL TO THE
BEST IMPORTED

RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST
PHYSICIANS.

FAMILY OR CLUB USE.

AMERICAN BREWERY,
GROCERS & DEALERS.

THE GREENWAY BREWING CO., SYRACUSE, N.Y.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGISTS.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS

WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.

PHILA., 44-46 CHESTNUT ST.
CHICAGO, 201 N. Wabash Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., UNION CLUB BUILDING.
BALTIMORE, MD., 7 N. Charles Street.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.
Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE
SUPERVISION OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 18, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avordupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

NEW YORK TO THE FRONT.
A Matter Which Concerns You.

The following unsolicited opinions from your friends and neighbors, men and women whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubt in your mind that the results you quote are from those who have been afflicted but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous than others, troubled as they are, may know best means of cure. There is no reason why you should longer be troubled from kidney, liver or stomach trouble. You can be cured as well today obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength.

New York (141 Myrtle Avenue). February 19, 1888.—After taking "Warner's Safe Cure," I take pleasure in stating that I have found it the greatest remedy for the kidneys in the world. I would inform you that I followed the profession of a "Pediatrician" upwards of twenty years and am proud to state that I was a champion Endurance Pedestrian of the World. I then became manager of Walking and Bicycle Matches. The severe strain told upon my kidneys. I suffered many months from Bright's Disease, was induced to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after taking six bottles I am enabled to say I am better than I have been in ten years. I will with pleasure answer any parties who may desire information.

Harry Brooks,

BROOKLYN (458 Henry Street). January 31, 1888.—Last summer I suffered much from malaria and was recommended by a friend to try "Warner's Safe Cure" and am pleased to say it worked a most successful cure.

James J. Clancy

NEW YORK CITY (157 W. Twenty-third Street), February 22, 1888.—For nearly ten years up to three years ago, I was suffering from continuing and unbearable pains in the left side, continually belching up, wind, with a tired and languid feeling. I am a conductor on the Elevated Railway, and was when I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure" in 1885. I now suffer an average four days every month with these horrible pains. I tried lots of doctors and lots of medicine and of no avail, until a friend came along and told me about "Warner's Safe Cure." I think I took about 15 or 20 bottles, entirely driving the pain away, relieving me of that languid feeling, giving me a better color and good appetite.

Horace J. Johnson

NEW YORK (No. 39 East Twenty-second Street), February 3, 1888.—My son has been taking "Warner's Safe Cure" for two years and he seems to be entirely cured of his trouble, which the doctors pronounced at that time Bright's disease.

J. N. Lille.

BROOKLYN (141 Myrtle Avenue). February 19, 1888.—I have been employed on the Union Ferry Co. since 1848 and enjoyed good health till I was run over by a team of horses, and I was cured of the rupture, and then taken with Hydrocephalus and was operated on by Dr. Burnham, of New York City, the last operation being performed in 1886 at 229 Pearl Street, Brooklyn. Since that time I have had a good deal of trouble in the stomach and weakness of the kidney. Last fall I was recommended to take "Warner's Safe Cure," and since that time I have found great relief in my kidneys and stomach.

Capt. John Cole

Ely's Cream Balm
IS SURE TO CURE
COLD IN HEAD
QUICKLY.

Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 335 Greenwich St., N. Y.



THE JUDGE.

The Best of its Kind in the World—That is the Universal Verdict—
The Judge and the National Campaign.

That wonderful paper, the JUDGE.—New York
World.

JUDGE this week is a beauty. It is an Easter number and has an illuminated cover. The inside pages are illustrated as usual—with the brightest flashes of wit and humor. JUDGE has many readers who think it the best paper of its kind in the country.—Norristown (Pa.) *Daily Times*.

One of the most effective cartoons that has appeared in a long time is in this week's JUDGE. It is by Gilligan and is entitled "A Ride for Life"—any reader can get a Second Term. The picture is a great campaign document in itself.—*Troy Telegram*.

The JUDGE is the leading illustrated comic paper of America. It is rapidly attaining the proud place, through its brilliant cartoons, occupied by *Hawley's Weekly*. Tom Nast was a Republican journal and Tom Nast was in his prime.—*Wright County Times, Monticello, Mich.*

The JUDGE is the most popular pictorial paper in the country. It sparkles with wit and humor and its cartoons are always chaste and clean. Its cartoons are wonderfully pat and suggestive. The JUDGE ought to be every Republican home in the land. For years *Harper's* was all the rage, but the JUDGE, though it is excellence and has more fun, has won over *Harper's* out of the race.—*Hilldale (Mich.) Leader*.

The JUDGE is certainly deserving of the success which it is meeting in its work for the Republican party.—*Public Opinion, Chambersburg, Pa.*

The JUDGE is by far the leading satirical publication in the world. The Alpert press and the Gilligan pencil are great comedians. The JUDGE will be worth a subscription called OUR CHILDREN in May. It will be the only jewel-left-of-the-kind which prints its pictures in colors.—*Wide-Awake, Canajoharie, N. Y.*

The JUDGE promises to be intensely interesting and valuable to the party during this year's campaign. Its colored cartoons will preach sermons to the intelligent voter, and to the uneducated they will be more far-reaching and effective than the most eloquent of verbal arguments.—*Brookside (Ind.) American*.

The Easter JUDGE is packed with good things, and its colored cartoons are spirited and effective. There is not a better publication of its kind in the world than the JUDGE. Read it and have good solid Republican convictions.—*Troy Telegram*.

Judge, the New York Republican, is doing splendid work for the party. It is going to be a great feature of the campaign, and we hope that Pitkin county Republicans will show their appreciation of it by subscribing for it in large numbers.—*Aspen (Col.) Daily Times*.

There is a whole sermon in Gilligan's picture, "A Ride for Life."—*Albany Journal*.

Everybody can appreciate an argument when it is presented in a clear-cut manner. Hence the JUDGE is one of the most effective campaign papers that can be circulated. Republicans should give the JUDGE a hearty support during the coming summer and fall, and thus contribute to the grand Republican victory which we are to secure in November.—*Cattaraugus Republican*.

The Sohmer Piano factory is kept busy night and day to supply the immense demand for this wonderful instrument. Its piano is phenomenal in the history of the piano trade, and among leading professional artists, the world over, are ever being stowing glowing encomiums upon it, which its beauty and faultless construction fully entitles it to. In the matter of construction, an artist must be, indeed, perfect to exceed. The unparalleled sales of the Sohmer during the past fully demonstrate the fact that it has achieved a reputation which is well deserved. It is a piano to live for music itself. Merit is always appreciated and meets its own reward; and we are glad to know that the efforts of Sohmer & Co., to furnish a Piano second to none in the world have been crowned with unprecedented success.

Acroia contains a citizen so short that his claw-hand can pull the mails out of the sidewalk.—*Arocia Record*.

Pears' Soap

Fair white hands. Bright clear complexion Soft healthful skin.

WHAT KNOW THE HATTER SAYS:

Put your collar on right side first, i.e., right end buttoned under the left. Cuffs should be buttoned on so as to face away from each other, so to speak, on the right side, right cuff over left, left cuff under.

With a turn-down collar wear a scarf "to tie yourself." No made-up scarf ever fitted well under such a collar, and the points of the collar that tie the knot of the scarf so as to wear it out in two or three days.

Never wear a Prince Albert or Chesterfield coat or a four-buttoned cut-away unbuttoned. This always looks like a man who has been drinking.

Always draw a made-up scarf high on the neck. If you must show your diamond collar button, wear a scarf "to tie yourself."

Trousers always wear out sooner the coats or overcoats you wear. If you must wear a coat, buying a suit it is no bad scheme to get two pair of trousers with it. It will pay in the long run.

For business wear, unless you are a bank president, nothing equals a sack suit.

The hat for business wear is a Derby. Never wear trousers darker than the coat and waistcoat.

The longer the vest is cut, the plainer should the waist wear.

Never wear kid gloves on the street, nor dog-skin gloves on evening-dress occasions.

Arnold,
Constable & Co.
SPRING SILKS.

MOIRE NOUVELLE.

SURAH QUADRILLE,

PEKIN MOIRE ANTIQUES,

Pekin Glace, Raye, Ombre and Borde

Veloutine and Taffeta Raye Borde.

CHANGEABLE SILKS.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.

DO NOT BUY A TYPE-WRITER UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN AND TESTED

The SUN Type-writer.

PRICE TWELVE DOLLARS.



It has been redesigned and greatly improved, and is now the most perfect machine both for ease of manipulation and excellence of work. (Weight, 7 pounds, packed.)

If you think it is too cheap to be good, order one to be sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination, so that, in case it does not prove satisfactory, you can return it by merely paying express charges both ways.

The Sun Type-Writer Co., 319 Broadway, New York.
ENTRANCE ON THOMAS STREET.

EARL & WILSON'S
CUFFS & COLLARS
BEST IN THE WORLD.

500 SAMPLES, BOOKS, CIRCULARS,
WE GUARANTEE FREE!
From firms all over the world if you
will send us your address. Copy and you
will receive free of charge. American
Directory. Copy and you
will receive free of charge. American
Directory Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Allen's Mail Order House,
Vance Inn, Vt., the 21st year.
Gentlemen—We sell men's suits, coats, hats, etc., of the best quality at
moderate prices. Every article
you purchase from us is made to order.
Please apply to us for our catalogues.
M. E. Allen, Proprietor.

SALESMEN To sell our Pliers and Electrical Tools, Bells, Bumping Alarms, Mail Boxes, etc. We offer liberal compensation and no commission allowed Agents. MICH. DOOR PLATE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

SPECIAL CIGARETTES.

SPECIAL FAVOURS,

CLUB SIZE and OPERA SIZE
and

BOUDOIR SIZE for Ladies.

STRICTLY PURE and SUPERIOR in EVERY RESPECT.

SPECIAL STRAIGHT CUT.

In Square and Oval Perfect Cases.

The public is particularly cautioned that each cigarette bears the name and signature of KINNEY TOBACCO, and that each cigarette bears the company's certificate unbroken; none others are genuine.

KINNEY TOBACCO CO. (Successor),

Only Manufacturer of Special Cigarettes.

EGYPTIAN

FLOWERS

CIGARETTES.

Cleopatra—Yenidge Blend

For Sale at all First-Class Shops, Hotels and Cafes.

KINNEY TOBACCO CO. (Successor),
Only Manufacturer of Special Cigarettes.